

"I wish I had been good," said the Wee Hare, and Wind and Snow were able to hear, and they felt sad for a wee hare.

"We will help him," they said, but low and soft so he did not hear. The moon came up high in the sky till it was just like day, and it grew very cold. Snow grew hard as ice in the cold, and the Wee Hare did not sink in it any more. Wind did not blow so hard. It came back of Wee Hare now, push, push, push, to help the Wee Hare over the Snow. How fast he went—hop, skip and jump! Soon he came to his home. How glad he was! He went in and lay down by his mama.

"I have not been good, mama," he said, very low in her ear.

"Be good now, then," his mama said, and he did not know how glad she was to have him back.

"I want to be good," said the Wee Hare; and he shut his eyes, and put his ears down, and they all took a nap till the dawn came.

"Just like us," said Tiny Hare, and he was glad that he lay snug and warm by his mama, and he was glad she had told him the tale of the Wee Hare and the Red Fire.

## SUNSHINE.

A small boy defined "sunshine" for the benefit of his little brother as "what you put mud balls in to dry them." His philosophy of life was better than that of a good many "grown-ups" who go through the world without finding out that sunshine is good for mud pies. It pours down about their lives, but they mold their toys in some shadow and look up definitions in the dictionary to satisfy life's many questions. The test of experience is the best of all tests.—Exchange.

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."—Detroit Free Press.

# Our Wee Little Ones

## ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eleven years old. My father died when I was three months old. I have two brothers. I go to Sunday school. Hope to see my letter in print.

Augustina D. Carr.

Charlottesville, Va.

## A PERFECT RECITATION.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl twelve years old. My papa takes the "Presbyterian," and I am always glad when it comes. I have two sisters and five brothers. My oldest brother is in Wana Walla, Washington, and my oldest sister is working in Charlotte. We go to Sunday school every Sunday. I recited the Child's Catechism today without missing a word. My teacher is Miss Fair Kuykendal, and our pastor is Rev. H. M. Parker. I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.

Your unknown friend,

Maude Louise Coffey.

Matthews, N. C.

## GLAD WHEN THE PAPER COMES.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Providence church and Sunday school every Sunday. We have preaching twice a month. I have recited the Child's Catechism perfectly, and am going into the Shorter Catechism. I will be glad of it. I am always glad when the Presbyterian comes, for I always read the Children's page. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Your unknown friend,

Marie Coffey.

Matthews, N. C.

## ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together

The figures on my slate;

The teacher calls it "adding,"

And I like it first rate.

There's one queer thing about it—

Whenever you get ten,

You have to "carry one," she says,

And then begin again.

That's what we do with pennies;

When I have ten, you see,

I "carry one" to Jesus,

Who's done so much for me.

## EVEN THE LITTLEST.

A dear little girl was once talking to God before she went to sleep at night, and this is a part of her prayer: "Dear Lord, bless all the folks in the world, no matter how little they are."—Selected.

## GOD'S DAY.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning, it is usually with a more winsome smile than general on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is, mamma," said Mr. Denton, one day, "that our Daisy is always so much happier on Sunday than on week days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely from her place on her father's knee: "You see, papa, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father, tenderly, "it's right for you to do so, and for everybody to do likewise."

## LOTS OF FUN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl seven years old. I have one brother, Willie, who is five years old and we have good times playing together. I go to Sunday school at Montpelier Church. Mr. Brown is our pastor; we like him very much. My papa is a doctor and is gone all day to see the sick people. Willie and I went to a Easter egg hunt at Spring Hill, and had lots of fun. We are going to start to school in the fall. Mama has been teaching us at home. I can't write so Aunt Lee is writing this letter for me. Please print my letter in your good paper, I want to surprise my papa and Uncle Johnnie.

Your little friend,

Mary E. Shaw.

Laurinburg, N. C.

## A LITTLE SICK GIRL.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my first letter to you, and I want to tell you how very much I enjoy the "Children's Page," of your dear paper. I have been sick nearly all winter, and while in bed I learned some of the lovely little poems in your paper. I am better now and able to be out and enjoy God's beautiful world, with its dress of lovely flowers and green leaves. I am seven years old and learning to read and write. I have two sisters, Mary and Maud. They are very funny, sweet little girls. We have a very nice Sunday school, and I love to go. My teacher is Miss Janie Stringfellow; our pastor is Rev. S. J. Cartledge.

Your friend,

Elizabeth McLure.

Chester, S. C.